



The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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EVERY DAY IS A FRESH BEGINNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days,
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.
—Susan Coolidge.

“God has placed men in this world, not simply to dig gold or to make clothes or to print books, but so to do these things as to make themselves more faithful, helpful and loving.”—E. E. Hale.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

“In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”—St. JOHN xvi. 33.

Why should we “be of good cheer” because another has “overcome the world,” even though that other be Christ? The answer I take to be, briefly, this: that in his “overcoming” he has shown us what the true “overcoming” is, and that it is something possible to all, even to those who seem most to fail. So Christ’s life, seemingly so baffled and defeated, and yet so beautiful in its spirit and eventually so fruitful of blessing, is, forever, a gospel for the unsuccessful. It is that which I want to bring out.

Take in the full contrast between the saying and the situation. This note of confident success and strong encouragement comes to us out of the saddest part of Christ’s life. It is one of the memories of “Passion Week,” the week of Christ’s “suffering” or “passion,” and this word comes out of its darkest hours. It was the last evening. All his solemn appeals to his people had seemed to fail. Judas was gone out and was even then closeted with the priests; an hour more and Jesus would be a prisoner; a day, and he would be crucified. It seemed about as bad a failure as history had to show—and he calmly says, “I have overcome the world!” His followers are weighed down by vague fears; he warns them that their fears will be more than realized; the day is coming “when men shall kill you and think they do God service” —“in the world ye shall have tribulation”; and yet he bids them “be of good cheer.”

And even this does not bring out the full contrast between the situation and the saying. It is so difficult for us really to appreciate that situation. It is difficult for us to see through the haze of glory which now envelops all of this part of Christ’s life, back to the stern reality behind. Men may veil the churches in Lenten gloom, and put a fitting tone of sadness into their services; but every one feels that Easter is just beyond, and the common heart has called even the day of the crucifixion “Good Friday.” The fact is, the Son of Man has come again in

power and glory, and the nations have bowed at his name, and the very cross has become a symbol not of the outward shame, but of its inner gloriousness. We try to conceive the utter apparent failure of those closing days; but we cannot prevent thoughts of the after-glory coming in with a radiance which had no place there in reality. You try to restore the old picture, but a later one has been painted over it in gold and tawdry colors. Rub as you may, a halo will adhere round the pale worn face. The "clouds of glory" will remain in front of the awful gloom which was so long remembered as having marked the actual scene. And through the cloud of applauding figures pressing about Christ crowned, we can hardly make out the outlines of that very different multitude that closed about Christ crucified—the vengeful priests, and half-scared people; the heedless soldiers gambling for his seamless coat, and the poor faithful women weeping their hearts out at the cross's foot.

Yes. But that was the reality, however difficult it may be to realize. To all outward seeming that Christ-mission was a failure. Of all he had tried to do there was nothing accomplished. He had gone forth in "the spirit of the Lord" to proclaim a great blessing for the world—and the world would not hear. He had taken the "good-tidings" to his own people at Nazareth—and they thrust him out and tried to kill him. He had gone about among the people, trying to win their hearts to his great thought—and they listened indeed with a sort of fascinated eagerness, they ate wonderingly of the loaves and fishes, once they even tried to make him king; but there it ended. He chose out twelve who seemed to love him most, to be his companions, helpers—and they seemed just as purblind as the rest, and to the last kept harping on "thrones" and "power." And then, for one more last effort, he had gone up to Jerusalem to the great annual festival and had pleaded and warned with a solemn, intenser tone—and still he had failed; and he knew now that there was nothing for it but the cross—to die—only, to die faithful to the end, even though the end was that most shameful death in which a man and his work could be, as it were, utterly trampled out. It was when he was come within sight of that end, that he tells them that he has "overcome the world"; and bids them remember this, and "be of good cheer" in the coming tribulation which was to be their part in that strange victory of his which looked so like defeat.

And now note two things about this in the old time before we pass on to its meaning for

all time. Note, first, that that encouragement did encourage them. It must have seemed a grim sort of encouragement just at first, those next few days. Their master a prisoner, and no sign of any gathering legions of angels to assert the glory for him, which he would not assert for himself. Their master, crucified,—the whole thing, as it seemed at first, at an end. "I go a-fishing," said Peter. Nothing left for them but to go back to their old lives! And yet even then were working in their hearts the irresistible forces Christ had stirred within them, and soon those forces leap forth into open speech. They see great blessed meanings in his teachings which they never saw while his presence still blinded them with the thought of a kingly Messiahship. Christ risen in the heavenly world is more to them than he ever had been while among them on earth. They begin to see how he has overcome. They feel the indomitable power of his great thoughts of God and duty and eternal life. A thousand remembered words give them courage. The way did indeed turn out all that Christ had warned them of—and still they trod it not like burdened and discouraged men, but with a great strength and cheer which make the whole story of that age alive with triumphant gladness. Yet it was not that they had realized any success, any more than their Master had done. They had to "walk by faith," as he had done. All that they seemed to accomplish in that wide, rich, heathen world in which they lived, was very little. No worldly honor, no saintly name was theirs, till they had long been gathered home to God. But they knew in whom they believed, and they felt that, somehow, in him was the overcoming of the world.

And, secondly, note that his faith, and theirs, was justified. How far he saw just how it should be, we cannot know. I do not think his word was one of some divine foreknowledge, but simply of a great, sure trust. This gospel which had come into his soul was verily God's and he felt it could not die. He had overcome the world, not in that he had seen the harvest, but that in him he had truly sown the seed. That seed lived; instead of being destroyed by his death, it was glorified by it. Men would not hear the gospel that he wore out his life to preach, and lo, his life, so worn away, rejected and despised, and yet patient, trustful, loving to the very end, became the most powerful gospel of all. It is not an accident which has changed the very meaning of the word "gospel" from the truths he preached to that simple life he lived. That simple

life has done more to make men sure of God and righteousness and heaven, has been a greater help to virtue and to prayer, a gladder tidings of hopefulness and trust and God's great fatherly love, than any gospel of mere spoken words. But all this is the greater meaning that has grown on to that saying of his having "overcome the world." I suppose to him it simply meant the thankful sense of how he had been helped to be faithful to the very end, and that that was the true overcoming.

And so it was, and so it is forever. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In all times these words have come with a peculiar comfort and encouragement amid the strain and weakness and difficulties of life. Mark you—it is not the encouragement the world seeks, or gives. The world believes in the gospel of success. The world points to its heroes, battling bravely against adverse fates, surmounting obstacle after obstacle, carrying all before them by sheer perseverance and force of will, and finally crowned with the laurels of some grand success. The world points to these, and says to the burdened and weak and overmatched: See how these have struggled and fought, and at last conquered; be like them, and you also may succeed! I do not condemn that. Such spectacles of successful and crowned effort stir the hot blood in our hearts, and set many a one longing to do something large and strong, and to win the world's verdict of "Well done!" This is the gospel of success, with its invigorating influence of the strong upon the strong, and its incitement to the ambition for a worthy earthly success. But after all, how few these strong ones are—how few compared with the myriads of unknown toiling men, and humble, patient women, who have no capacity for greatness; no gift to make them, even possibly, leaders; no work that has any scope for ambition; no capacity for achieving any visible success.

And shall these have no word to bid them "be of good cheer"? To say to them: See how, here and there, one has risen from your lowly midst; to point them to the privates who have become generals, to the poor toilers who have become millionaires,—all this, after all, to a large proportion of the world, has almost a touch of mockery. What they want is some gospel which can cheer not the few strong, but the many weak; some gospel which can, not raise a few from lowliness, but ennoble them in their lowliness and even in their unsuccess. Well, Christ is that gospel to them. He stands before us,

lowly, and not striving to be otherwise; poor, and with no thought of being anything else; working for the most unselfish end and in the divinest spirit, and—so far as any seeming success went—in vain; rejected by his people, denied or deserted by his very disciples; crowned not with laurels, but with thorns; crucified by the very people he tried to save,—and yet the word that comes, even out of the shadow of the cross, is, "I have overcome the world." This is the true and real overcoming. This is the gospel forever, for the unsuccessful, for those who suffer and for those who fail.

Of all religions that have ever been, Christianity is most of all a gospel to the burdened, the struggling, the weak, the unsuccessful. It comes to them with a cheery message of working patiently on and doing one's best; to face the world just in its common round of care and duty, and meet it cheerily, and not be embittered, or made selfish, or turned from pure integrity; to be still thoughtful and kind to those around, and not to tire, or, when tired, not to give in; and, most of all, to do all this with a quiet up-looking to the will of God, and as our portion in His service,—all this is overcoming the world, and it is just such an overcoming as is possible to all.

And do not think of it as fruitless, even for those things which in our more ambitious hours we would fain do for others and for the world. Do them if you can,—this is no excuse for indolence or carelessness that I am urging. Do everything you can. Help in the great struggle that rolls on from age to age, in which the noblest lives of earth have borne their part and Christ is the great leader,—for making truth and liberty and justice victorious in the world, and bringing in the kingdom of God. But even if it is little you can do, and little seems to come of it, still be not disheartened. You yourself are more than anything you try to do. The great forces of God, that change the human as the material world, are seldom in the earthquake and fire. These have to be, but I am more and more persuaded that it is quiet goodness, patient and faithful to the end, that most of all builds up the stable welfare of the world. Laws, institutions, governments, all have to be, and all need, sometimes, change; but it is life that is the one imperishable power; life that is the irresistible force of onward growth; good life that is itself the victory, and the overcoming of the world!—*Brooke Herford*.

"With good-will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men."—*Eph. vi. 7*.

THE STILL HOUR.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear;
Seek him, while he may be found;
Call upon him—he is near.

—James Freeman Clarke.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me
clean:
Oh, speak the word,—thy servant shall be
healed.

—James Freeman Clarke.

"When he came to himself." This passage assumes that the true self in man is not bad, but good. Man goes away from himself whenever he does wrong. Hidden in the words we use are whole volumes of history and philosophy. When our words and phrases do not come from theories, but from the long observation of the race, they often contain the results of that experience in compact form. Thus "to come to one's self" means to recover mental and moral sanity.

Let us understand, then, that our true self, our real self, is our best self. In our best hours we are most truly ourselves. We are then what God made and meant us to be. We are at one with ourselves. Our faculties work harmoniously according to the true method. The soul commands; the body obeys. The conscience obeys the law of right; the appetites and desires are obedient to that conscience. There is no such thing, therefore, as natural depravity. All depravity is unnatural.—James Freeman Clarke.

"The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make his face to shine upon us . . . ; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace."—Num. vi. 24-26.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Mary A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. English Men of Letters Series; "Coleridge," Southey; Writings (historical) of N. P. Rogers; "Letters of Emerson to a Friend"; "History of Music"; "Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women," Mrs. Jameson; "Essays of Samuel Johnson"; "History of Rome"; "Bee Man of Orn," Stockton; "Audubon the Naturalist"; "Yankee Girls in Zululand"; "Nature and Life," Sermons by Robert Collyer; "Readings in Ancient History"; "Mrs. Browning," Lilian Whiting; "Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," Hazlitt; "English Traits," Emerson; "Homer's Iliad" (Pope's translation); "What Shall I Read?"; "Past and Present," Carlyle; "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle; Hoyle's "Games"; "Double Acrostics."

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," E. C. Gaskell; "The Channings," Wood; "As Natural as Life," Ames; "Silas Marner," George Eliot; "Sense and Sensibility," Austin; "The Christian Doctrine of Prayer," James Freeman Clarke. (This is the book of which Sir Charles Lyell said, "It is the best book on the subject yet written"; and lately letters have been received from men of education who say it is more needed now than even at the time it was written.)

REQUESTS.

1. I should be very glad to receive any kind of reading matter, especially *Needle Craft* and *Comfort*. I have three children and we stay most of our time by ourselves. They all like to read. I attend the Congregational church. Brother Tabor is the pastor. Address Mrs. J. R. Burton, 1107 Cache Street, Lawton, Oklahoma.

2. I saw a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* in the home of Miss Rose Jones. I like the Book and Magazine Club department so much that I am sending in my subscription. I have numerous story-books and school

text-books for high school, *Nautilus* and *Home Health* magazines and others I will send to those paying postage. I am a primary-school teacher and should like very much a copy of *Uncle Remus' Story-Book and Magazine* if it is published now. There is also a book entitled "The Last Mortgage" which tells the story of the Bible in rhyme. I am *very anxious* to get a copy of it,—will pay cost if I can find one for sale or can learn where it is published. Address Miss Ella M. Sloan, Scotland, Van Buren County, Arkansas.

3. The paper called *Home Sunshine* is asked for by Rev. S. R. Biggs, Critz, Virginia.

4. I should be very glad of some reading matter, something suitable for my husband and little grandchild that lives with us. I should appreciate some scraps for quilts. I send as reference J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Address Mrs. Bellie Hall, Flamsville, Virginia.

5. Nearly twenty years ago I wrote you from Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, and was admitted to the Cheerful Letter Society. Since then I have found many pen friends and still have two dear correspondents, and I have received a great deal of literature, the most of which I have passed on to others. I do not know who sent me the *Ladies' Home Journal* last year so did not know to whom thanks were due. If some one will send it and the *Pictorial Review* after having read them, I will certainly appreciate the favor. One of my neighbors lost her home two weeks ago, having all her belongings burned. If some of the friends will send me scraps for patchwork I will join them into a quilt for the lady that lost all hers in the fire. I should like to hear from Miss Florence DeLong and Miss S. J. Wentworth. Address Mrs. H. Cordelia Martin, Vinton, Virginia.

6. "Ben Hur" is asked for by Miss Myra Dodd, Sandidges, Virginia.

7. I must ask the dear old *Cheerful Letter* to help me out again. Our oldest son wishes to enter the County Contest as Declaimer and would be very glad if some one would send something to recite. I believe he said it must be prose and must be good. He recited last year and won first prize on declamation and first on spelling in the county, then first place in junior spelling in the district contest. He was only fifteen years old. We

were not able to send him on to the State meeting; and he wishes to try again this year. We live out in the country and have only five months of school. So I think he did extremely well, and we are real proud of him; and I hope you can help us out right away so he can be learning to recite it. We are poorer than ever now, for on December 16 we lost our barn. It burned between one and two o'clock at night; no insurance. We had two hundred bushels corn, hundred bales hay, all harnesses, in fact everything that stays at the barn; just did save the horses. We suppose it was set on fire, and we are ruined for the time. We have five children, one orphan boy, my father, husband and I, and everything gone. It looks very dark to us now. Sometimes the load seems so heavy I can hardly go; then I take courage and try again. I should be glad of cheery letters or anything to help pass away the time. I thank you all for your kindness and pray God to bless each and every one of you. Address Mrs. Wade Owen, Athens, Texas, R. 2.

8. I am very lonesome; I have to stay in the house most all the time. There are three of us in the family,—my father, who is eighty-seven years old, has not walked a step in three years. I feed him with a spoon. My husband has to work for father and myself. I should like a few scraps of any kind for patchwork, and a little reading of any kind that is good to pass away the time. I refer to Rev. E. B. Troy, Ansonville, North Carolina. Address Miss Mary F. Blalock, Polkton, R. F. D. 3, Box 29, North Carolina.

9. B. L. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, Box 10, would like *Woman's Home Companion* for 1916.

10. I thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the reading that has been sent me during the past year and should like to receive more reading. Books of any kind will be appreciated. Also I shall be so thankful to get some patchwork pieces such as calico, gingham, or silk. I should like some picture-books or poetry for my little girl of seven years. Address Mrs. Walter Nelson, Critz, Virginia.

11. Mrs. Isabel Bailey, Toronto, Kansas, has been very ill and unable to write, so takes this way to thank those who have sent her reading, and hopes for a continuance.

12. I am a young mother with three babies, the oldest being three and a half years of age,

and the youngest eight months. I have no servants so am necessarily kept in the greater part of my time. I should be very grateful if you could send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *World's Work*, and I thank you for all kindnesses. Address Mrs. N. R. D. Moncure, Chilhowie, Virginia.

13. I want to thank all who remembered me during Christmas holidays. My home would have been so lonely without cheering letters and remembrances from far-away friends. My health does not seem much better. I hope to continue getting letters. I thank all from the depths of my heart. (Mrs.) M. J. Hall, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

14. I shall be glad if some one will please send one (any) of Joseph C. Lincoln's, Myrtle Reed's (especially "Lavender and Old Lace"), Kate Douglas Wiggin's, or Florence Barclay's books; also "The Heart of the Hills," by Fox; "Michael O'Halloran," by Porter; and "The Fall of a Nation," "The Victim," and "The Southerner," by Dixon. I should also be grateful for any kind of scraps for patchwork, and magazines. I should be so glad to receive *The Popular Magazine* for October, 1915, with the last instalment of "Jean of the Laza A" in it. I have been sick all winter and depend on reading and fancy-work for companionship, as I live in the country with no near neighbors and get very lonely. I thank all who will remember me. Address Miss L. E. Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina, R. 2, Box 42.

15. I am teacher of the Woman's Bible class of our church. I have been a member of the Book Club. May I ask for "Self Culture"? My pastor's name is Dr. J. H. Brendall, South Main street, Salisbury, North Carolina. Address Mrs. Mary A. Bosch, 1021 S. Fulton Street, Salisbury, North Carolina. ("Self Culture" has been sent.)

16. I am the second of seven children, am fourteen years old, and should like very much to join the Cheerful Letter Society and have a correspondent near my own age and to receive literature suitable for children from three to sixteen years of age. We are all fond of books, our mother is too; but we are not able to buy anything but school-books. Any reading matter will be most welcome, magazines, papers, or books, and I will refer you to Mrs. H. C. Martin of this place. Address Miss Evelyn Swain, Vinton, Virginia.

17. I live far out in the country, eighteen miles from a town, and it is hard to get anything to read. I have seven children, four girls and three boys. I shall appreciate anything sent me, as we are very poor and my husband is never able to work and help us buy anything for life's comfort. I should be glad of pieces for the girls' patchwork and books for the boys. I will answer all letters as far as I can afford postage. My reference is Rev. S. R. Biggs, Critz, Virginia. I hope I may hear from you soon. Address Mrs. Ollie Chaney, Critz, Virginia.

18. Mrs. J. W. Harvel, Oakboro, North Carolina, asks for "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and picture-books for her children, aged twelve, eight, five, and one year.

19. Mrs. Nellie McKee, Grady, New Mexico, would like to receive "The Heart of Night Wind," "Cross Currents," "Shepherd of the Hills," or any book by Harold Bell Wright. She will gladly pay postage on any of the above and will appreciate any reading, which she will pass on to the many lonely people on the wind-swept plains, who are glad to get something to read.

20. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., asks for the following: "The Political Economy of Humanism," by Henry Wood; "Regeneration," by Sidney Weltmer; "Real Man or Slave Man," by Sidney Weltmer; "The Magic Story," by Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey; or any of Horatio W. Dresser's books.

21. Mr. Nathan T. Hale of Lester, Kentucky, an elderly man unable to work will appreciate reading.

22. Reading is asked for by Maie Wright, Hunting Creek, North Carolina.

23. I should like to have some designs in crocheting and knitted work, especially knitting. I should like the *American Woman* and *Needle Craft*, as I can get some designs from them. My sister, Mrs. J. W. Williamson, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1, who has one boy and one girl, nine and ten years old, would be very grateful for reading and picture-books for her and children. She will answer all letters and would be glad to correspond with some of the ladies. My little niece, six years old, whose mother died when she was four days old, lives with us and would like picture-books. Address Fannie Bransmer, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1.

24. I live on a farm in a lonely place and enjoy reading. I should like to be remembered with good books and magazines, as I cannot buy them. I have one sister. My father and mother are old and feeble. Reading would pass away many a lonely hour. I enjoy working with needles and crocheting if I have the time. I should enjoy letters from some one. I will thank you for anything,—letters, cards, reading; will pass them to some lonely, shut-in person. Address Miss Minnie Little, Oakboro, North Carolina.

25. I am writing this to thank you all for sending me reading matter, and I hope you will send me some more, as all my books were burned up. We lost our house and nearly everything in it by fire just after Christmas, and we are living in two rooms now in a very lonely part of town, and I should certainly appreciate any good reading, books or magazines. I should love to have some one send me some pieces for patchwork, any kind that will do for quilts. My husband does not have work all the time and it is hard to get started again. My little boy aged five years would love to have some story and picture books. His name is Lewis. Will some one please send us a Bible or Testament? I shall certainly appreciate anything, and thank you all very much. I am glad to get the *Cheerful Letter*. (Mrs.) A. P. Boyd, Vinton, Virginia.

26. I live in the mountains, twelve miles from the railroad, in a lonely country. I should appreciate any kind of reading matter,—good books and magazines. Address Miss Ina Witt, Star Route 2, Tellico Plains, Tennessee.

27. Mrs. Walter Marks, Fort Sumner, New Mexico, appreciates the various magazines sent her and would especially like *Good Housekeeping*.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Arisona and Mrs. McDonald, from Port Oak to Shannon, Clay County, Texas.

Mrs. John Meister, from Elk, Washington, to La Grande, Oregon, care of Old Town store.

Mrs. Cora Hatchett is now at 514 West Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon.

Mrs. Tom Hancock is now at Timmonsville, South Carolina.

AT REST.

Mrs. Fannie E. Owens of Montrose, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TAKING A JOURNEY.

It was a great effort for Mrs. Clifford to take a journey to Maine with three children; but she needed the bracing air of New England, and so did Grace and the baby.

To be sure they had the company of a gentleman, a Mr. Lazelle, who was going to Boston. Twenty times a day Mrs. Clifford wished her husband could have gone with her before he enlisted, for she hardly knew what to do with restless little Horace. As for sitting still, it was more than the boy could do. He would keep jerking his inquisitive little head out of the window, for he never remembered a caution five minutes. He delighted to run up and down the narrow aisle, and, putting his hands on the arms of the seats, swing backward and forward with all his might. He became acquainted with every lozenge-boy and every newspaper-boy on the route, and seemed to be in a high state of merriment from morning till night.

Grace, who was always proper and well-behaved, was not a little mortified by Horace's rough manners.

"He means no harm," Mrs. Clifford would say, with a smile and a sigh; "but, Mr. Lazelle, if you will be so kind as to watch him a little, I will be greatly obliged."

Mr. Lazelle would reply, "Oh, certainly, madam; be quite easy about the child; he is not out of my sight for a moment!"

So saying, perhaps he would go in search of him, and find him under a seat playing with Pincher, his clothes covered with dust, and his cap lying between somebody's feet.

At such times Mr. Lazelle always said, "Upon my word, you're a pretty little fellow!" and looked as if he would like to shake him, if it were not for soiling his gloves.

Horace laughed when Mr. Lazelle called him "a pretty little fellow," and thought it a fine joke. He laughed, too, when the young man told him to "come out," for there was something in the pettish tone of his voice which Horace considered very amusing.

"I'll wait till he gets through scolding, and goes to coaxing," thought the boy: "he's a smart man! can't make such a little fellow mind!"

Mr. Lazelle was very much vexed with Horace, and firmly resolved that he never again take charge of a lady travelling with children. At one time he flew into a passion, and boxed the boy's ears. Horace felt very much like a wounded wasp. He knew Mr. Lazelle would not have dared strike him be-

fore his mother, and from that moment he despised him as a "sneak."

Whenever Mr. Lazelle was looking for him in great haste, he was very likely to be missing; and when that sorely tried young gentleman was almost in despair, a saucy little head would appear at the car-window, and a small voice would shout:—

"Ho, Mr. Lazelle! why don't you come ahead? I beat you *in!*"

"Horace," said Mrs. Clifford, wearily, "you don't know how you tire me. Here is this dear baby that I have to hold in my arms; isn't it enough that I should have the care of him, without being all the while anxious about you?"

"Yes," chimed in Grace, pushing back her beautiful curls, "you don't know how ma and I fret about you. You'll kill poor ma before ever we can get you East!"

Horace hung his head for shame, and decided that it didn't "pay" to punish Mr. Lazelle, if his mother must suffer too. He meant, for her sake, to "turn over a new leaf," though he did not say so.

On the afternoon of their second day's ride they reached the beautiful city of Cleveland. Here they were to rest a few hours. Their clothes were sadly tumbled, their collars dust-color, and their faces and hair rough with cinders. A thorough washing and brushing, and some fresh ruffles and laces, gave a much tidier appearance to the whole party.

After Grace and Horace were ready, Mrs. Clifford thought they might as well go downstairs while she tried to rock little Katie to sleep.

"Be sure not to go away from the house," said she. "Grace, I depend upon you to take care of Horace, for he may forget."

The children had been standing on the piazza for some time, watching the people passing, while Mr. Lazelle lounged near by, talking politics with some gentlemen. In a little while Mrs. Clifford sent for Grace to go upstairs and amuse the poor baby, who could not be rocked to sleep.

For a few moments after she had gone Horace stood near the door, still gazing into the street, when, suddenly, he heard a faint sound of martial music: a brass band was turning the corner. Soon they were in sight, men in handsome uniform, drawing music from various instruments, picking, blowing, or beating it out, as the case might be.

It was glorious, Horace thought. He could not keep still. He ran out, and threw up his cap before he knew it almost, shouting with delight,—

"Ho, Mr. Lazelle! ain't that jolly? Ho, Mr. Lazelle! where *are* you, anyhow!"

Probably, if the boy had stopped to think, he might have remembered that Mr. Lazelle was in the parlor; but no, Horace was sure he must have crossed the street to look at the band.

"I'm going, too," said he to himself. "Of course, where Mr. Lazelle goes, I can go, for he has the care of me!" With that he dashed headlong into the crowd, looking here, there, and everywhere for Mr. Lazelle. But, oh, that music! Did a little boy's boots ever stand still when a drum was playing, "March, march away"? No doubt his father was keeping step to just such sounds, on his path to martial glory! The fife and bugle whistled with magical voices, and seemed to say,—

"Follow, follow, follow on!"

And Horace followed; sometimes thinking he was in search of Mr. Lazelle, sometimes forgetting it altogether. He knew he was doing very wrong, but it seemed as if the music almost drowned the voice of his conscience.

In this way they turned street after street, till, suddenly, the band and the crowd entered a large public building. Then the music died out, and with it the fire of eagerness in the little boy's soul.

Where *was* Mr. Lazelle? If he could see him now, he would forgive the boxed ears. How could he ever find his way back to the hotel? It had not as yet entered his head to ask any one. He darted off at great speed, but, as it happened, in precisely the wrong direction. The houses grew smaller and farther apart, and presently he came to a high, sandy cliff overlooking the lake. Now the shades of night began to fall, and his stout heart almost failed him. The longing grew so strong to see mother, and Grace, and baby, that the tears would start, in spite of himself. At last, just as he was wondering which way to turn next, somebody touched his shoulder, and a rough voice said:—

"Hullo, my little man! What you doing in this ward? Come; don't you pull away from me; I'm a city officer. Got lost, hey?"

Horace shook with fright. Oh, dear, was it a crime, then, to get lost? He remembered all the stories he had ever heard of lock-ups, and state-prisons, and handcuffs. "Oh, I didn't mean any harm, sir," cried he, trying to steady his voice; "I reckon I ain't lost, sir; or, if I am, I ain't lost *much*."

"So, so," laughed the policeman, good-naturedly; "and what was your name, my

little man, before you got lost and didn't get lost *much*?"

"My name is Horace Clifford, sir," replied the boy, wondering why a cruel policeman should want to laugh.

"Well, well," said the man, not unkindly, "I'm glad I've come across ye, for your mother's in a terrible taking. What set ye out to run off? Come, now; don't be sulky. Give us your hand, and I guess, seeing it's you, we won't put you in the lock-up this time."

Horace was very grateful to the officer for not handcuffing him on the spot; still he felt as if it was a great disgrace to be marched through the city by a policeman. Mrs. Clifford, Grace, and Mr. Lazelle met them on the way. "Oh, my dear, dear son," cried Mrs. Clifford, as soon as she could speak; "do you know how you've frightened us all?"

"I followed the band," stammered Horace. "I was looking for Mr. Lazelle." "You're a naughty, mean little boy," cried Grace, when she had made sure he was not hurt anywhere. "It would have been good enough for you if you'd drowned in the lake, and the bears had ate you up!" Still she kissed her naughty brother, and it was to be noticed that her eyelids were very red from crying. "I'll never let go your hand again, Horace," said she, "till we get to grandma's. You're just as *slippery*!"

Mr. Lazelle looked as if it would be an immense relief to him if Miss Grace would keep her word; he thought he was undergoing a great trial with Horace. "It's a shame," said he to himself, "that a perfect lady, like Mrs. Clifford, should have such a son! I'd enjoy whipping him—for her sake! Why in the world don't she *train* him?"

Mr. Lazelle did not know of the faithful talk Mrs. Clifford had with Horace that night, nor how the boy's heart swelled with grief, and love, and new resolutions.

This adventure caused a day's delay, for it made the party too late for the boat. Horace was so sorry for his foolish conduct, that he spent the next day in the most subdued manner, and walked about the chamber on tiptoe, while Grace tried to soothe little Katie.

But, in crossing the lake, he "forgot" again. His mother allowed him to go up on the hurricane deck with Mr. Lazelle, just for ten minutes; and there he became acquainted with the pilot, who was struck with his intelligence, and freely answered all the questions he asked about the engine, "the whistle," and the steering.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Horace. "I'll make

a steamboat myself, and give it to Grace for a present!" Full of this new plan he left the pilot without so much as a "thank you," running down the steps, two at a time, unobserved by Mr. Lazelle, who was playing the flute. He wanted to see how the "rigging" was made, and stopped to ask leave of nobody.

Down another flight of stairs, out across trunks, and bales, and ropes, he pushed his way to get a good sight of the deck. He paid no heed to people or things, and nearly ran over an Irish boy, who was drawing up water in buckets for washing. Somebody shouted, "He's trying to kill himself, I do believe!" Somebody rushed forward to seize the daring child by the collar of his jacket, but too late; he had fallen headlong into the lake!

A scream went up from the deck that pierced the air,—*"Boy overboard! Help! help! help!"*

Mrs. Clifford heard, and knew by instinct that it was Horace. She had just sent Grace to call him, not feeling safe to trust him longer with Mr. Lazelle. She rushed through the door of the stateroom, and followed the crowd to the other side of the boat, crying, "Oh, can't somebody save him!" There was no mistaking the mother's voice; the crowd made way for her. "Safe! safe and sound!" was the shout now. "All right!"

The Irish lad, at Horace's first plunge, had thrown him his bucket—it was a life-preserver; that is, it would not sink—and the drowning boy had been drawn up by means of a rope attached to the bail.

"Ma," said Grace, when they were all safely in the cars at Buffalo, and Horace as well as ever, though a little pale: "I do believe there never was anybody had such an awful journey! Do you suppose we'll ever get Horace home to grandma's?"

It was over at last—the long, tedious journey, which Horace spoiled for everybody, and which nobody but Horace enjoyed.

When they drove up to the quiet old homestead at Willowbrook, and somebody had taken the little baby, poor Mrs. Clifford threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed like a child. Everybody else cried, too; and good, deaf grandpa Parlin, with smiles and tears at the same time, declared, "I don't know what the matter is, so I can't tell whether to laugh or to cry."—*"Little Prudy's Captain Horace,"* by Sophie May.

(The Editor would like the opinion of readers as to how a boy like Horace should have been treated; and whether there was any way at all of making him a better travelling-companion.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FEATHERED DANDY.

Several August vacations spent in North Dakota gave me a close acquaintanceship with the dainty killdeer. He is a French dandy in feathers, with his dark, ash-gray broadcloth coat, white waistcoat and breeches, yellow hose, white collar, black "choke" tie, jaunty gray cap, and an ebony cane under each arm carried so that it just shows along the edge of his elbow. He is the dandy of all birddom, to my notion. The spruce policeman blue jay cannot equal him, or the dapper manikin cedar bird rival him; for killdeer, the dandy, has not only the costume but the air as well, which the rollicking blue jay and the dreamy cedar bird most certainly lack.

See killdeer tripping on light feet, darting first from one bog or stone to another, as if disdaining to soil his immaculate garb with the oozy soil where he must feed. A penniless dandy walking down a muddy street to seek his breakfast in some cheap restaurant would carry himself in just that way. Back in the fields his elegance is a trifle less noticeable perhaps, but since the sort of titbits he craves are found in slime and mud he must search for them there, in spite of his apparent dislike for anything unclean.

He is an epicure, too, and enjoys a good meal as well as the next bird. During the warmest part of the day, after feeding all the morning, he likes to take a siesta while digesting his breakfast and awaiting his supper of worms and bugs that come out in the cool of the evening. He stands on one leg in a patch of dry gravel or on a sun-warmed stone, near enough to the water so that when he opens a sleepy eye he can admire his own reflection in the mirror before him. At least, that is his favorite attitude on sunny afternoons. Perhaps in those day-dreams he reflects on his own good looks and trusts to them for protection while he "snoozes."

I have admired the little killdeer at a distance every summer I have seen him. Still, his aloofness and his self-sufficiency rather kept me in awe of him, so to speak, and I never really felt that I knew him. Always seeing him with his society manners on, I wanted to know him more intimately by visiting him at home with his family. Last year, however, I made my North Dakota trip in May, and saw quite a different killdeer from the one that I had always observed in August.

Every time I went into the pasture I found solitary killdeers flitting about everywhere,

with other thoughts under their big caps than food. It was springtime, and killdeer must prance up and down for sheer love of living, and for his exuberant delight in knowing that the mate he had chosen was quietly brooding her eggs somewhere not far away.

Whenever I approached a certain spot in the pasture, where it bordered a wheatfield and ran down into a little boggy pond, I noticed that one of these little princes of dandies would suddenly appear from nowhere and fly round above me, calling out a shrill, incessant "Kill-dee, kill-dee, dee, dee, dee!"

"There must be a nest round here," I decided, after a few days of this commotion, and commenced searching for it.

Starting at the corner of the pasture, I went diagonally across it, from wheatfield to pond and back again, and all the while the anxious bird circled round above my head. I had made eighteen or twenty of these closely parallel lines, when all at once I flushed killdeer's wife herself from the ground. She joined her mate and circled about me, shrieking as plaintively as he, and had my conscience not been free of any intent to harm them, their alarm and grief would have caused me to abandon the search. Feeling that my curiosity could do them no real harm, I kept on with my plan.

Soon I had found the nest, or rather the nesting site—a mere hollow with a few sticks and pebbles roughly outlining a frame for the eggs. It was the eggs rather than the nest that attracted my attention; there were four of them, each as rich in color as springtime butter, and with their sharply pointed ends autographed all over with scrawls and blotches as of faded black ink.

As I stood looking at the eggs, the mother—or at least I chose to believe it was she—suddenly dropped down on the ground almost at my feet. For a moment I was deceived into thinking that she was really dying, but as soon as I stooped to pick her up she deftly eluded my hand with several wild flops that carried her a considerable distance away from the nest.

Then I realized that I was being favored with a show of that deceit with which bird mothers often seek to protect their young; and to study this phase of killdeer tactics I obligingly followed her. The poor, lame, broken-winged creature promised capture if I would only pursue her, but she slyly kept just out of my reach in spite of her lamentable condition. On and on she tumbled and tottered until I was some yards from the nest. Then, with a twitter of victory, which I could not begrudge her, she

spread her wings and flew quickly away toward the pond. As for killdeer himself, he hovered above us all the way, crying his alarm and then his relief.

I retraced my steps as well as I could, but long before I found the nest again, the parents were back circling above me and calling piteously. To relieve their distress I went away, but every day thereafter I made a short call on Mrs. Killdeer.

She never grew accustomed to me, and would try to toll me away, or scold me away, all the while I lingered near the nest. I was anxious, however, to see a baby killdeer newly hatched, and did not let her anxiety prevent my daily visit; but to spare the mother any undue worry, I made a practice of standing afar off and studying the eggs through my opera glass.

One forenoon, when I made my usual call, the hatching was on. The little ones were already drying themselves in the sun, and to my astonishment were daintily pecking at their discarded shells, taking a cargo of grit aboard in preparation for the real feeding that they must soon have. The mother, too, who did not leave the vicinity of the nest for long, even to scold at me, helped the bantlings dispose of the empty shells by eating them herself.

That evening I heard killdeer cries from the wheatfield when I passed by, and found the old birds there in close attendance upon four little, striped, downy fluffs in black-billed gray caps much too big for them, and dark necklaces like their father's. But although the little fellows were almost lost in their great caps, which made them look as if they had been dressed in their father's cast-off headgear, and although that, with their stalk-thin little legs, gave them a top-heavy appearance and threatened to send them heels over head at every step, they were still able to run over the clods and dodge wheat stems at a good speed. I tried to catch one, and found that the day-old baby was as quick as a flash in dodging my hand.

They ran about like tiny chickens, peeping shrilly, and always with a question mark at the end of their "pee-cep," as if anxious to learn all there was to know about the big world where they found themselves. I was thankful that the family did not leave the neighborhood, and I enjoyed visiting them for many days. Such independent little mites as those young killdeer were—asking nothing from their parents except companionship, and quite equal to finding their own food!

Their efforts at learning to fly were a reve-

lation. Ground dwellers though they were, and needing the power of flight as soon as any bird, they were fully ten days old before they could lift their bodies from the ground. From the first they realized the importance of their wings and trusted implicitly in them; for in running, particularly to put distance between themselves and me, they would lift their tiny downy flappers and scud along headfirst over clods and tussocks. As the feathers began to come out, they would run more and more a-tiptoe, until before their wings were fully feathered they could skim along just over the ground, not more than two inches in the air. It was not until they were almost three weeks old that they could really fly and could join their parents in those circling flights above my head.—*Harriette Wilbur, in Youth's Companion.*

A DISGUSTED CAT.

Dandy is the name of a very large and handsome cat belonging to a lady living near Boston. Dandy is really very clever; but he had an experience recently that came near branding him as exceedingly stupid, and he was very much "cut up" over it.

His mistress has a little boy of five years, for whom she had bought one of those clever imitation cats stamped on cloth and stuffed with wool or cotton.

Dandy did not happen to be around when the cotton cat arrived; and, after playing with it for a little while, the child left it on the window-sill. It sat there looking, from the street, wonderfully like a real cat.

The lady was sitting by this window, sewing; and presently she saw Dandy come into the yard. He glanced up at the window, and was instantly transformed from a dignified, well-behaved cat to a jealous, snarling demon.

The servant-girl, who opened the kitchen door in response to his imperative meows, said that he shot by her with the rapidity of lightning, and seemed to clear all of the back stairs at a single bound on his way to the sitting-room.

Into this room he dashed, his yellow eyes aglow with jealous rage, his throat emitting snarls. He leaped fiercely upon the dummy cat, and fell with it to the floor.

Dandy's demeanor, when he saw how he had been deceived, was very funny. He walked around and around the cotton cat, amazement and disgust expressed in one prolonged meow followed by another and another.

Then he stood still, with his head twisted

to one side, viewing the dummy in a way too ludicrous to be described.

Finally he shot out of the room as swiftly as he had entered it, and was seen no more for four days and nights,—an unheard-of proceeding in his life.

But it probably took all that time for him to recover from the shame and disgust his feelings had sustained.

When he finally returned, he utterly ignored the object of his foolish rage, and never again paid any heed to it, showing greater wisdom in this respect than men and women often show when enraged and mortified.—*Youth's Companion*.

When March arrives, we do not know what a day may bring forth. It is like turning over a leaf, a new chapter of startling incidents lying just on the other side.—*John Burroughs, "Pepacton."*

There is an all-pervading influence in the clear air of a wild March morning that stirs us to livelier action; something far more potent than the mere thought that a long winter draws to a close.—*C. C. Abbott, "Days out of Doors."*

SNOW-DROP MOSS.

This little moss grows in silvery-white patches on exposed grounds, paths, pavements, etc. Its scientific name is *Bryum Argenteum*, or the "Silver Bryum," but I call it "Snow-Drop Moss," partly because I first find it in fruit amid the melting snow in early spring, and partly because the tiny hanging capsules are very much the shape of the pendulous buds of the snow-drop. Their color, however, is usually dark red. They grow on short fruit-stalks which usually do not exceed a quarter of an inch in length.

—C. H. C.

Down in the marshes beside the river,
From the alder bushes stiff and bare,
I hear a joyous bird-note quiver,

Clear and bright in the bleak March air,
As the red-winged starling calls to me,
"Quonkaree, quonkar-ree, quonka-ree-
e-e."

—*Harriet Paine,*
in "*Bird Songs of New England.*"

The sharp click of the Austrian pine-cone may be distinctly heard two hundred feet from its source, while the hubbub which we may hear beneath a Scotch pine tree on a warm March day sometimes amounts to Bedlam.—*W. H. Gibson, "Sharp Eyes."*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

HOLIDAY HOUSE: THE GRAND FEAST.

(Continued from last number.)

Then Peter called Lady Harriet's house "Famine Castle," and pretended he would swallow the knives, like an Indian juggler.

"We must soon learn to live upon air, and here are some spoons to eat it with," said John Fordyce. "Harry, shall I help you to a mouthful of moonshine?"

"Peter! would you like a roasted fly?" asked Frank Abercromby, catching one on the window. "I dare say it is excellent for hungry people—or a slice of buttered wall?"

"Or a stewed spider?" asked Peter. "Shall we all be cannibals, and eat one another!"

"What is the use of all those forks, when there is nothing to stick upon them?" asked George Maxwell, throwing them about on the floor. "No buns!—no fruit!—no cakes!—no nothing!"

"What are we to do with those tea-cups, when there is no tea?" cried Frank Abercromby, pulling the tablecloth till the whole affair fell prostrate on the floor. After this, these riotous boys tossed the plates in the air, and caught them,—becoming, at last, so outrageous, that poor old Andrew called them a "meal mob!" Never was there so much broken china seen in a dining-room before! It all lay scattered on the floor, in countless fragments, looking as if there had been a bull in a china-shop, when suddenly Mrs. Crabtree herself opened the door and walked in, with an aspect of rage enough to petrify a milestone. Now, old Andrew had long been trying all in his power to render the boys quiet and contented. He had made them a speech—he had chased the ring-leaders all round the room—and he had thrown his stick at Peter, who seemed the most riotous—but all in vain; they became worse and worse, laughing into fits, and calling Andrew "the police officer and the bailiff." It was a very different story, however, when Mrs. Crabtree appeared, so flaming with fury she might have blown up a powder-mill. Nobody could help being afraid of her. Even Peter himself stood stock-still, and seemed withering away to nothing, when she looked at him; and when she began to scold in her most furious manner, not a boy ventured to look off the ground. A large pair of tawse then became visible in her hand, so every heart sunk with fright, and the riotous visitors began to get behind each other, and to huddle out of sight as much as possible, whispering, and pushing, and fighting, in a desperate scuffle to escape.

"What is all this?" cried she, at the full pitch of her voice; "has Bedlam broke loose! Who smashed these cups? I'll break his head for him, let me tell you that! Master Peter! you should be hissed out of the world for your misconduct; but I shall certainly whip you round the room like a whipping-top."

At this moment Peter observed that the dining-room window, which was only about six feet from the ground, had been left wide open; so instantly seizing the opportunity, he threw himself out with a single bound, and ran laughing away. All the other boys immediately followed his example, and disappeared by the same road; after which Mrs. Crabtree leaned far out of the window, and scolded loudly, as long as they remained in sight, till her face became red, and her voice perfectly hoarse.

Meantime, the little misses sat soberly down before the empty table, and talked in whispers to each other, waiting till their maids came to take them home, after which they all hurried away as fast as possible, hardly waiting to say "good-bye," and intending to ask for some supper at home.

During that night, long after Harry and Laura had been scolded, whipped, and put to bed, they were each heard in different rooms, sobbing and crying, as if their very hearts would break, while Mrs. Crabtree grumbled and scolded to herself, saying she must do her duty, and make them good children, though she were to flay them alive first.

When Lady Harriet returned home, some days afterwards, she heard an account of Harry and Laura's misconduct from Mrs. Crabtree; and the whole story was such a terrible case against them, that their poor grandmamma became perfectly astonished and shocked, while even Uncle David was preparing to be very angry; but before the culprits appeared, Frank most kindly stepped forward and begged that they might be pardoned for this once, adding all in his power to excuse Harry and Laura, by describing how very penitent they had become, and how very severely they had already been punished.

Frank then mentioned all that Harry had told him about the starving party, which he related with so much humor and drollery, that Lady Harriet could not help laughing; so then he saw that a victory had been gained, and ran to the nursery for the two little prisoners.

Uncle David shook his walking-stick at them, and made a terrible face when they entered; but Harry jumped upon his knee with joy at seeing him again, while Laura

forgot all her distress, and rushed up to Lady Harriet, who folded her in her arms, and kissed her most affectionately.

Not a word was said that day about the tea-party; but next morning Major Graham asked Harry, very gravely, "if he had read in the newspaper the melancholy accounts about several of his little companions, who were ill and confined to bed from having eaten too much at a certain tea-party on Saturday last. Poor Peter Grey has been given over; and Charles Forrester, it is feared, may not be able to eat another loaf of bread for a fortnight!"

"Oh! Uncle David! it makes me ill whenever I think of that party!" said Harry, coloring perfectly scarlet; "that was the most miserable evening of my life!"

"I must say it was not quite fair in Mrs. Crabtree to starve all the strange little boys and girls who came as visitors to my house, without knowing who had invited them," observed Lady Harriet. "Probably those unlucky children will never forget, as long as they live, that scanty supper in our dining-room."

And it turned out exactly as Lady Harriet had predicted; for though they were all asked to tea, in proper form, the very next Saturday, when Major Graham showered torrents of sugar-plums on the table, while the children scrambled to pick them up, and the sideboard almost broke down afterwards under the weight of buns, cakes, cheese-cakes, biscuits, fruit, and preserves, which were heaped upon each other—yet, for years afterwards, Peter Grey, whenever he ate a particularly enormous dinner, always observed, that he must make up for having once been starved at Harry Graham's; and whenever any one of those little boys or girls again happened to meet Harry or Laura, they were sure to laugh and say, "When are you going to give us another GRAND FEAST?"

—Catherine Sinclair.

"Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below,
 Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,
 Silent, noiseless, safe and slow;
 Falls the light of God's face bending
 Down and watching us below."

—Saxe Holm.

"Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him that hath ten talents."—*Matt. xxv. 28.*

THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD.

One night I dreamed that Night's great Angel
 came,
 And bending o'er me, softly spoke my name;
 Then, like a child upon its mother's breast,
 She bore me far, far outward to the west,
 Where oft above the dim horizon's bar,
 I'd watched the glowing, glimmering evening
 star
 Sink slowly down behind the dark'ning
 world.

There in a glowing gloom of sky impearled,
 The angel spoke, with voice like softest
 sigh—

"Here will we wait, and see the world go by."
 I turned my eyes in wonder, slowly back
 Along that path which marked the angel's
 track,

And saw the great round world upon its way,
 Half dark with night, and half aglow with
 day,

Come wheeling onward, with its single star—
 The full-orbed moon—chained to its flying
 car.

Majestically rolled the planet on,
 Bathed in transparent twilight, like a dawn.
 I saw the continents, and surging seas,
 Spread out beneath; I felt the fragrant
 breeze

From tropic islands, wafted on before;
 I heard, far off, the low, increasing roar
 Of grinding wheels, that told of toil and care;
 The wailing cry of Sorrow and Despair;
 I caught the clash of arms, the fierce death-
 cry

Of men, shot-torn, called suddenly to die;
 I heard the bitter curse of want and sin;
 The wail of famine, and the deaf'ning din
 Of myriads clamoring their greed for gain;
 The beggar's prayer, the muffled moan of
 pain—

And all discordant voices, till my ears
 Were deaf with discord, and my bitter tears
 Fell down and wet the angel's breast of snow,
 And I cried out in anguish: "Let us go!"
 The angel spread again her starry wings,
 And upward soared, till all terrestrial things
 Dropped swiftly downward, and the world I
 knew,

Hung, like a star, surrounded by the blue,
 Ethereal, starry silence of the night.

Then, suddenly, arising to our height,
 From the fair world soft shining far below,
 I heard divinest music upward flow,
 Sweeter and sweeter, clearer and more clear,
 Filling the boundless heavens, from sphere
 to sphere,

Until, entranced, I felt steal over me,
 A peace, serene, and deeper than the sea.
 Then softly sank the strains adown the air,
 And silence fell. Then Night's great Angel
 fair

Looked calmly down on me, and sweetly
 smiled,

And gently said: "Art satisfied, my child?"
 "Oh, tell me this—that harmony divine,
 Flooding with peace this troubled soul of
 mine,
 And filling all the heavens with calm repose,
 Sweeter than earth-bound spirit ever knows,—
 What strains are these, O angel fair?" I
 said.

The great Night-Angel raised her star-
 crowned head,
 And while a radiant smile her sweet lips
 curled,
 She softly said: "The music of the world."

—Julian S. Cutler.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Once to every man and nation
 Comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of truth with falsehood,
 For the good or evil side;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 Off'ring each the bloom or blight,
 And the choice goes by forever
 Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
 When we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
 And 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside
 Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs
 Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever
 With the cross that turns not back;
 New occasions teach new duties;
 Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still, and onward,
 Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
 Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be wrong,—
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow,
 Keeping watch above His own.

—James Russell Lowell.

God is truth. To be true, to hate every
 form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real
 life,—that is to love God. God is infinite;
 and to love the boundless, reaching on from
 grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and
 rising upward ever to see the ideal still above
 us, and to die with it unattained, aiming
 insatiably to be perfect even as the Father
 is perfect,—that is to love God.—F. W.
 Robertson.

"The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make his face to shine upon us . . . ; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace."—*Num. vi. 24-26.*

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear, . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.
—*Robert Browning.*

Fret not thy soul with how men feel toward thee;
Thou hast a nobler task,—thy work to see
That ever in thine heart doth burn and glow
Sweet love for man. This is enough to know.
—*Mary Putnam Gilmore.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ACROSTIC.

(All of the words described contain the same numbers of letter. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter spells the name of a famous painter born in March.)

1. A British conservative politician.
2. President of the republic of Texas.
3. A town in Oxfordshire, England.
4. Said to have built Thebes by the music of his lute.
5. A small island on the west coast of India.
6. The god of wine.
7. The name of Satan before he was driven from heaven.

II.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- In major, but not in colonel.
In manage, but not in control.
In dock, but not in wharf.
In dike, but not in dam.
In dress, but not in coat.
In doom, but not in end.
In dungeon, but not in tower.
My whole spells the names of two Presidents of the United States born in March.

III.

A DOUBLE-POINT PUZZLE.

. . .
. . .
. . .
* * * * *
. . .
. . .
. . .

Reading across: 1. In chains. 2. A confederate. 3. A military student. 4. Symmetrical. 5. A running knot. 6. A club. 7. In chains.

Reading downward: 1. In chains. 2. A common little word. 3. To plunder. 4. To lament. 5. Charge. 6. A division. 7. A Turkish judge. 8. A constellation. 9. Half of a word meaning "harmony." 10. In chains.

—*St. Nicholas.*

IV.

TWISTED NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN STATESMEN.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Slinow. | 6. Abhor. |
| 2. Fatt. | 7. Miscgumn. |
| 3. Ghush. | 8. Glisn. |
| 4. Clacm. | 9. Gleod. |
| 5. Krael. | 10. Trunob. |

—*The Beacon.*

V.

MIXED WORD SQUARE.

A A C D D D D E E E E G N V V Y

Rearrange the above sixteen letters into four words that will form a word square.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Answers to puzzles in the February number.

I. A "FIRST LINE" PUZZLE.—Longfellow.

1. "Lady Wentworth." 2. "Oliver Basselin." 3. "Nuremberg." 4. "Caspar Berra." 5. "Flowers." 6. "Excelsior." 7. "L'Envoi." 8. "Loss and Gain." 9. "Old St. David's at Radnor." 10. "Woodstock Park."

II. SCRIPTURAL PUZZLE.—I. Tubal—Ezekiel xxvii. 12-13. 2. Nathan—2 Samuel xii. 1. 3. Elisha—2 Kings vi. 6. 4. Aaron—Numbers xx. 28. 5. Vashti—Esther i. 12. 6. Nineveh—Jonah i. 2. 7. Tyre—Matt. xxi. 3. 8. Og—Deut. iii. 11. 9. Babylon—Dan. iv. 30.

III. COUNTRIES.—Great Britain, Denmark, Patagonia, United States, Russia, Persia, Germany, Ireland, Armenia, Ecuador, Scotland, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Norway.

IV. FAMOUS MEN.—Jack London, George Frisbie Hoar, John Hancock, Andrew Jackson, Henry W. Longfellow.

V. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lincoln.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

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The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR SCRAPS FOR PATCHWORK, FOR REQUESTS, OR FOR OFFERS, TO MRS. CAROLINE E. DAVIS, 548 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

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The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

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